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Nights At The Races

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NIGHTS AT THE RACES

He believed in a kind of metempsychosis, a transmigration of souls, that when he made bareback love to a woman in the solitude of his cabin all his dead male ancestors would show up and gather around the bed to cheer on the sperm carrying their own personal code. In the mornings the place would be a mess, littered with tote-machine tickets that had been ripped in half and the butt-ends of fat stogies that had been dropped or tossed away during an exhilarating dead-heat finish. And, sometimes, when he and the woman swept up, they would come across one of last night's losers, some dimly-remembered black sheep, some dead-end lush who had died without issue, huddled in a corner under an overcoat stained with vomit. And then, with charity in their hearts, he would don a condom and they would slip back under the blankets and knock one off just for suchlike lost souls, the unbegetters, the true wand'ring Shades, the eternally stopped.